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Fugitive



👁 35 ✓ 1 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by ChromeOS

I'm a normal 15 year old... well at least in this corrupted world. I go to high school like any other teen my age, work, and take care of my family. If I still had a family. They all died a few years back when chaos reigned and destroyed our perfect utopia and turned it into a dystopia.

If it were up to me, my family would still be alive and fallen buildings wouldn't clutter the streets. Families wouldn't be barely be making it through the day but I can't not now.

As I walked through the crowded streets to my job as a shopkeep I saw many beggars and felt bad.

Chapter 2 by thea



But i turned my head away. I couldn't think of others while I was suffering myself. Suddenly a black eyed man ran out of a house right in front of me. His clothes was old and dirty, and he wasn't different than them. He looked like he could be late in his fourtees. He took my arm and started dragging me into his shop. I tried to resist and walked awat from him with fast steps. He swore and hit me in my left shoulder.

Right then it was like I lost myself. I started to beat and kick him, hard. Everything to get away. He tripped and fell backwards. As I stepped over him, my head cleared. I reached my arms after him, but it was

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Five men in uniforms came out from an alley and came towards me with their guns on me. "Miss Glouse, you are arrested for murder on this man."

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the main character has a change of heart

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